She throwes her eyes about the painted *round*,
And who she finds forlorne she doth lament:
At last she sees a wretched *image* bound,
That piteous lookes to *Phrygian* shepheards lent;
His *face* though full of *cares*, yet shew'd *content*.
Onward to *Troy* with these blunt *swaines* he goes,
So mild, that *patience* seemd to scorne his *woes*.

In him the *painter* labour'd with his *skill*
To hide *deceit* and giue the harmelesse show,
An humble *gate*, calme *lookes*, eyes wayling still,
A *brow* vnbent, that seemed to welcome *wo*,
Cheeks, neyther *red* nor *pale*, but mingled so,
That *blushing red*, no guilty *instance* gaue,
Nor *ashy pale*, the feare that false *hearts* haue.

But like a constant and confirmed *Deuill*,
He entertain'd a show so seeming iust,
And therein so insconst his secret *euill*,
That *Ielousie* it selfe could not mistrust,
False creeping *craft* and *periury* should thrust
Into so bright a *day*, such blackfac'd *stormes*,
Or blot with *hel-borne* sin such *Saint-like* formes.

The well-skild *workman* this mild *Image* drew
For periur'd *Sinon*, whose inchanting *story*
The credulous old *Priam* after slew:
Whose words like *wild-fire* burnt the shining glory
Of rich built *Ilion*, that the *skies*, were sorry,
And little *starres* shot from their fixed places, (*cause*
When their *glasse* fel wherein they view'd their *faces*.

This picture she aduisedly perus'd,
And chid the *Painter* for his wondrous *skill*:
Saying, some shape in *Sinons* was abus'd,
So fair a *forme* lodg'd not a mind so *ill*,
And still on him she gaz'd and gazing still,
Such *signes* of *truth* in his plaine *face* she spied.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much *guile*,
(She would haue said) can lurke in such a *Looke*:
But *Tarquins* shape came in her minde the while,
And from her *tongue*, can lurke, from cannot, tooke
It cannot be, she in that sense forsooke,
And turn'd it thus, it cannot be I find,
But such a *face* should beare a wicked *minde*.

For euen as subtill *Sinon* here is painted,
So sober sad, so weary and so milde,
(As if with *griefe* or trauaile he had fainted,)
To me came *Tarquin* armed to beguild
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
With inward *vice*: as *Priam* him did cherish,
So did I *Tarquin*, so my *Troy* did perish.

Looke, looke how listning *Priam* wets his *eyes*,
To see those borrowed *teares* that *Sinon* sheds:
Priam why art thou *old*, and yet not *wise*?
For euery *teare* he fals, a *Troian* bleeds:
His eyes drop *fire*, no *water* thence proceeds:
Those round cleer *pearls* of his that moue thy pity
Are *balls* of quenchlesse *fire* to burne the *City*.

Such *Diuels* steale effects from lightlesse *hell*,
For *Sinon* in his *fire* doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot burning *fire* doth dwell,
These *contraries* such vnity do hold,
Onely to flatter *fooles* and make them bold:
So *Priams* trust false *Sinons* teares doth flatter
That he finds meanes to burn his *Troy* with *water*.

Here all inrag'd such *passion* her assailes,
That *patience* is quite beaten from her *breast*,
She teares the senselesse *Sinon* with her *nailes*,
Comparing him to that vnhappy *guest*,
Whose *deed* hath made herselfe herselfe detest;
At last she smilingly with this gives ore